

Sangheili

by diablo2012

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Summary: What happens when a Special Ops Sangheili female meets a 'Demon' for the first time? What will her decision be if she holds its fate in her hands. But wait. She loves her? M soon slightly no talkative

## 1. Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

A/N: Hello everyone it's your friendly underground devil Diablo here, I'm writing my second fic, so be nice, This pairing if you haven't discovered already is between a SPARTAN III female one of a few left before the Master Chief went MIA (or rather MIAS (Missing in a ship)) and a sangheilli female. Any reviews are welcome just no flames. I own not even my mind. Only these two and the computer with a basic way to do things.

BUNGIE CONTROLS ALL!

NOT SUITED FOR CHILDREN

(It still won't stop you)

Let's get the show on the road

(!) Means I made it up

\*\*Shattered glass\*\*

A lone, armoured clad warrioress, stalked down the corridor. Looking as If she was stalking her prey, though, she was brought up from a tiny age in the SPARTAN program. Her light blue and red striped MJOLNIR armour fitting her form perfectly. Giving her a powerful and devastating feel as she lightly passed row upon row of crosses and intersections of the UNSC Battle Priestess (!). Her hand holding onto her carbine she liked to take around with her, a battle rifle by her

side. It had been only a few seconds earlier, the whole ship went silent.

Not even a word. She felt something slightly amiss here. She could smell it. Grunts, Brutes and Elites, or Unggoy, something or other and Sangheilli. They called themselves strange names. Who was to judge? After about two minutes of looking around her room and surrounding offices, she saw things that couldn't have been possible in the space of the time she actually was in her room (which was only about two and a half minutes mind you).

She saw row upon row of dead marines and privates. All with second-degree plasma burns. The type from plasma rifles and energy swords. Designed to do tremendous damage without letting their enemy bleed.

This was an inside job.

Warriors of the marines strewn across the battlefield. Not a single enemy in sight. This is awfully odd she asked to herself. Her HUD showing the surrounding areas in a pulsar scan. At the moment, she wasn't heading in any direction in particular. Until she realised a sign saying ARMOURY -. A plasma scorch along the O and RY making it become ARM-U- - .

There was more battle scars down here than anywhere she had been previously. She steeled herself for any enemy sounds or commotions, as she turned into the bay, she saw marines piled roof-high. Most were dead. But luckily she saw movement halfway up. A downed marine trying to push his way out of the tower of bodies. She moved her way towards the downed marine and suddenly sees his helmet fall off and his body become limp. She dived to the side, behind a rack of SPARTAN lasers. Irony, a SPARTAN hiding behind a make of their own weapons.

The woman snuck a glimpse around the room. Still no movement, until a shimmer passed by, Elites were stealthed. Cowards, Fight like an alien and face a demon she mocked them in her mind. She proceeded to stalk around the room to the other side of the room, making sure the shimmers were all in sight and not too far away.

Once she reached the far side, she looked back and saw they had started to burn the bodies. A couple of screams from inside the pile broke the awkward silence. At that, her rage unleashed itself. She pulled a gravity hammer off of the rack that she was heading to and rushed straight at the nearest blur of air and smacked it straight in the head. The being crumpled, disengaging his cloak signalling he had died, She let out an almighty roar as she ran at another, doing the same as last time. It was too late for it to notice until the massive oversized club came at the back of its head. Killing it instantly.

At this point, the rest of the Elites had noticed the sudden demon killing the two warriors and turned to this new threat, they all disengaged their cloak and shown their numbers. Christ. She thought, Seeing the many Sangheilli, about thirty in number, surround her. She knew it was only a matter of time before she either ran out of charge and bullets and luckily, she picked the worst place for Elite to start a murderous bonfire. She dropped the grav hammer and pulled out her battle rifle.

She took a few shots at the closest Elite, Killing him on the third round, swivelling around popping caps into each Elite's head taking a good half dozen with her. After the whole clip ran out, she didn't have time to reload so she pulled out the carbine and gave the Elites a bit of irony. Taking in total another half dozen before they even realized they were losing a lot in the number.

The longer she delayed, the less screams she heard within the grotesque body pile. After expelling all the ammo in her carbine. She reached down and grabbed the hammer she only just dropped and muttered underneath her breath "Let's dance," The Sangheilli drew their energy swords in a dazzling display of blue and purple hissing plasma. If she were to die, she would go down the SPARTAN way. Overkill is the least she can give them.

As soon as she looked at a smaller Elite, Nothing like the ones around it, it moved forward and started to speak in their tongue to all the others around the demon. Possibly judging which way to kill her, quick, slow, torturous or even take her as a POW. She hopefully their reputation upholds them as bloodthirsty killers. She wasn't disappointed as larger, purple clad Elites jumped her from behind. Giving them the roundhouse kick of their life, sending the trio of fighters back to where they stood.

Now, It was just a stare down, Who would submit first? The SPARTAN thought to hit the grav hammer into the floor as hard as possible to distort the Elites, but acted against it. The Shorter red and purple Elite stepped forward. They both poised to strike, but, unlike its brethren, it talked in the human language. Cold and menacing, yet, something about that voice had a sort of feminine click to it. Literally "You shall come with us, Demon or suffer a fate worse than your Gods can even think of," as these words came out, something within this warrior seemed to appeal to the SPARTAN so much that she actually thought of giving up.

But that wasn't the Human way. "I see you have learnt our tongue. Elite," Spitting out the word as if it were poison. She couldn't think of anything better at that moment. She had three choices: Stay and fight last stand mode, Obey and let the Elites do whatever they intend or Give her the verbal massacre of a lifetime eventually ending up with her dying. None seemed to appeal to her, so she chose the third. "I see you have also learnt of how dangerous we are otherwise that bullshit of submitting to you wouldn't have been expressed so," She eyed the curious Sangheilli as she stepped forward closer and closer. Grav hammer ready if anything funny were to happen.

But nothing happened. Literally.

The Elites stood there waiting her reply, eighteen left standing after her initial trigger finger went spasm. She looked at theâ€¢ thing in front of her. \_There is no way out, better go out with aâ€¢\_ after her thought died away to impulsiveness, she slammed the grav hammer, expending the rest of its charge into the ground. Giving the elites a startle and lose their footing. Dropping the grav hammer, she ran for the entrance she came from, thinking it was unlocked; she ran head first into the door. It did hurt her a little bit, seeing as a perfectly good door had a needler round poking out of the locking mechanism meaning that it was locked.

She then knew her options went from three to two, to one. \_Oh well, better go out like a covenant battleship being hit by a seventy-five giga tonne thermo nuke.\_ She reached for her battle rifle, limp by her side, she reached it up and shot at the recovered small Elite. After a dull click, she realised that she hadn't reloaded. She used a couple of choice words that even god would have admired in her predicament. She threw it down and went into knife and energy sword melee.

"Let's get this over with shall we?" She exclaimed heartlessly. The reddish-purple Covenant psychopath looked at its brethren and clicked a couple of times, either telling them to back down or kill her with no mercy, possibly the second. All the Elites ran at her with speeds that speedy gon zalez would have envied. And let the battle commence.

With a battle cry both sides (minus the 's') lunged at each other, She was doing really well until her shields were depleted. \_Holy SHIT! That was FAST!\_ With another couple of blows between the two civilisations, the demon was backed into a corner. She had lost her helmet in the fray. Her pale skin and blonde hair falling behind her. She heard a couple of gasps from the Elites as if they thought she would be machine or beast, not an actual human underneath. At that the smaller, yet still taller than the SPARTAN, Elite looked at its comrades and clicked in a tone of power. She was definitely the leader. After a few more clicks, one of them set something on their Plasma Rifle, pulled it up, still standing far from me, he sent a barrage of the hot gunk and her.

Even a SPARTAN like the Master Chief couldn't even dodge that. One of them hit her in the chest, Black spots gathering around her eyes, fighting back the wooziness and weakness; she lunged at a Sangheilli and before she even reached the eight foot beings the seven foot leader shot a similar, yet more powerful shot into her side.

Instantly knocking her out.

This is the journey of SPARTAN-146/Alaina  
and how she found love in the most unlikely of places

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Sangheilli\*\*

\*\*Chapter 2\*\*

A/N: Hello again if anyone wants to give hints and tips, they can review. If I missed anything like the Elites code of honour or SPARTAN tactics they can just press the REVIEW button that the bottom of the page.

Disclaimer: I am not a reclaimer so I don't control bungie or their Halo inventions.

Hope you don't die from over exposure to pure awesomeness

Good luck

Alaina woke up with a heavy pounding in her head. She looked around her and saw she was in a covenants version of a battleship. That's what she thought until her eyes reached the solar beams along the pipes of the sides of the small room. They were only there if they had an underground installation.

This helped her a bit, knowing she was on a planet. But worse was that she didn't even know what, where, why and even how she got here or what planet she was on. She groaned as the pounding in her cranium. She picked herself up only to feel freezing temperatures and skin come into contact with metal. It didn't occur to her as it was drowned out by the intense throbbing. She picked herself up lightly, swaying side to side, hoping to god that her armour was near. She felt naked without it. All she wore were undergarments and a tight skin suit.

She observed further around her, seeing nothing more out of the ordinary. A table, chair, bed and a bucket indicating this was a prison. She walked on over to the bed, Hoping to regain some more sense. Alaina only just sat down on the bed as the doors to the cell opened. Revealing the same purple-red clad Sangheilli she had tried to kill twice with different weapons before her. It was a creature that she was brought up to hate and murder.

The short, yet abnormally tall Elite walked right into the middle of the room. Only then did she notice a device on the floor with a blue energy beam being protruded towards Alaina. Alaina could only guess that it was a sort of chain to hold her within certain distance unless Elite and only an Elite held the device. Alaina watched as the weird creature stood before her. The thing clicked its mandibles in the alien language only to receive a weird cock of the head back.

The alien then realised something then clicked a device on its chest. It spoke again, only this time it was in human English. "What is your name Demon?" She wasn't surprised at all by this question, although, It was highly unlikely that Alaina would answer in the manner the High-strung Elites wanted.

"What's it to you?" She replied back, almost like a year-old banter. All Alaina heard back was a grunt as the elite balled her fist and said "do not tempt me Demon, for if it weren't for me, you would be with the rest of your pitiful race on board that mockery of a ship!" taken aback by this answer she never expected, Alaina thought of a way to shift the balance of power her way. And she knew exactly how to do it.

"Oh, I see we have cut from the small talk and into the fray, but I don't care what your motives andâ€œ 'rescue' tactics were, I just want to have my armour back, and released," Hoping her plan would work, Alaina tempted the Sangheilli. It had definitely not taken the bait as it clicked its four-pieced mouth saying "You wish many things demon, But you know full well that you are too important to be released freely," mocking her futile attempt at an easy release. \_At least I know It's smart \_Alaina thought.

The elite repeated its original question "Tell me, what is your name beast?" Alaina didn't know how to withstand this weird torture; it

was as if she was probing her mind for info. Alaina was adamant to say the least, but eventually thought. \_it couldn't hurt if she knew my name, could it? \_She looked the purple red creature that stood in the middle of the room and spoke her name clearly "SPARTAN-146, Alaina" She thought she saw the Sangheillis' mouth twitch, as if it were a smile.

"Thank you, Demon, or Alaina," and at that, She walked right out the door she had come from a few minutes ago. "Wait!" Alaina shouted. "What's yours" Instantly stopping herself right afterwards. The Elite tensed, turned around and with a strain "Why would you want to know my name Demon?"

Alaina couldn't stop herself after that, She continued her efforts out of heart not mind. "It's a custom of ours to greet each other by asking the other by name, Then the other will do the same," The Creature just looked at her. Murder evident in her eyes, Sapphire like the sea yet holding enough force to destroy cities.

The Elite just tensed more, after about a minute, the animal let its tension go and spoke so low that even a SPARTAN had trouble hearing "Taro' Munasomee" With a little time after that. The SPARTAN gave a light "Thank you," receiving a death glare in return "Do not thank me, demon. For I shall not return it," as soon as the last word was spoken, the creature ran off closing the cell door "wait!" shouted Alaina, cursing herself yet again for blurting out. The door reopened and the Elite, obviously fuming now almost screamed "what?" Leaving Alaina to ponder on why this Elite would trust her ENOUGH to tell her its name, she eventually spoke up, "what, erâ€| ummâ€| urg, erâ€| Gender, are you?"

Wondering wouldn't help her now. The Elite chuckled as if it were the most hilarious joke in the world. Calming down the Elite then spoke its last five words "I am a female Sangheilli" after those words, the Elite spun on her heel and ran off, closing the doors fully this time.

she slumped her head down onto the hard bed and spoke her name before falling into Wonderland "Taro' Munasomee, Taro, Taraâ€|" She muttered to herself.

"\_Follow me!" shouted a marine. Turning the corner, Alaina saw an Elite stick its energy sword right through the visor of the fellow marines helmet. Killing him stone dead. The Elite then turned to Alaina and spoke in a feminine voice "Demon," Alaina pulled up her own energy sword she had taken from another of this creature's kin. In the dim light, Alaina saw a flourish of purple and red light as the creature lunged at her, "TARA!" Alaina screamed before the creature hit her. Sending everything black.\_

"TARA!" Alaina woke up with sweat beading down her face. Her nickname for the purple-red clad creature dawning on her instantly. She pondered her reason for attachment. SPARTANS were trained not to get attached to things, though she couldn't help it. It was as if she was the only rope, besides the energy beam, Keeping her sanity and body from drifting away. \_What THE FUCK WAS THAT!\_ She screamed in her head.

Looking back at the dream, she looked at her arm for the time. Forgetting she still didn't have the MJOLNIR armour on. Alaina then

picked herself out of her rough bed. Cricking a couple of bones as her bare feet hit the unusually warm floor. She looked around, any sign of the time. Only to find a weird clock on her table showing a digital alien numbered clock.

Alaina walked up to it, her sweaty blonde hair sticking to her creamy white skin. She looked at the clock and noticed a dial. She turned the dial and the digits on the clock shifted becoming different symbols. She fiddled around with it until eventually she saw something on the settings that caught her eye. Going back a few steps, she saw Japanese symbols. It's a Universal Translator! The idea struck her instantly like plasma rounds would a stuck pig. She skimmed and scanned through the many symbols until human numbers appeared. Seeing the time only 6:34, she thought she might as well stay up.

Well, I hope they have a shower, she moved around looking for any sort of washing device. Until she saw a wall with a weird holoboard. Containing more alien symbols, she found the dial almost instantly. Turning it to the human setting, she saw it had several functions; Shower, mirror, wash-basin and a toilet. All the essentials she needed. She pushed the button with a line then a dotted one pointing upwards, she pushed it being the little curiosity she was and walls sprouted out of the ground around her.

Noticing a secluded area now, she pushed the shower, the bed then disappeared into the wall and out came a shower head. This is so cool! She thought. She turned the knob to on noticing the dial wasn't there only human letters and the shower hose blurted out cold water. Freezing cold water battered her fully awake, she quickly yelped and turned the dial the other way as the water turned to super-hot water. She put the second dial below it and the water cooled down.

Finally getting the hang of alien tech, Alaina had a good shower, a good cleanse and a good mouth wash. She didn't know how the Sangheilli knew about this, but she didn't care. She felt relaxed now as she got redressed after her shower and returned her bed and took the rest of the bathroom down at the same time, after walking those couple of steps she laid down on her bed, looking at the clock she wondered what will be in store for her today.

She wasn't disappointed. As Tara, no Taro walked on in. She looked surprised at seeing the demon lying on the bed. She eyed her up and down taking in her curves and all. After she analysed her prey, she walked into the centre of the room and spoke directly to her face. "I see you have fitted in well here, Demon or should I call you Alaina? I expected to see you burst out after an hour and run awayâ€| Or is it the second skin you wear giving you the power of a hellbreed?" Alaina just looked at Taraâ€| NO TARO! And said "good morning to you too Taraâ€| Taro," The female Elite just looked at her, stunned, as if she had never been called a different name. Probably It had hurt her honour.

Who gives a Shit about 'Honour'? Alaina thought. Waiting for insults and discriminations to come her way. But they didn't instead, she heard something else come from her. Almost a groan, or maybe even out of shyness? "I have been ordered by the Arbiter to escort you around the base. You are to follow wherever I go or beâ€|" The female Sangheilli faltered "Tortured" Did I actually hear that? Or is she

actually feeling bad for me? \_Alaina kept herself from bombarding the being with more questions. Only to be answered evenly by Taraâ€|NO TARO! \_Stop calling her that Alaina! You're getting too attached to things! Learn to let go!\_ She screamed in her head. Eventually giving in to her heart and called her Tara from then on.

"as you can see, you are bound to me now," instantly, the energy beam shot from the thing on the floor and shot to her arm like a leash. Alaina didn't like the thought of being someone's puppy but didn't want to anger a whole base of Sangheilli. "You are to follow me now," The Elite walked toward the door pulling Alaina along. "The more you resist, the more pain you are going to be in, so I suggest you co-operate, or do I have to purposefullyâ€|" She faltered yet again, "Hurt youâ€| again, Aliâ€| Alaina?" Sensing fear, shyness and pity in those eyes. \_Did sheâ€| Did she actually care for my wellbeing? And when did she call me by my name not 'Demon'? And who's Ali? \_Alaina had more questions by the second. She wanted to answer them all but was forced to follow the very nice Elite.

Both Alaina and Taro were silent most of the trip. Alaina thinking of how weirdly the Sangheillian was acting, well, she was one to talk. She couldn't keep her eyes off of her strangely shaped body. The way her hips swayed and her chest piece only finishing at her last ribcage. Very unusual armour Alaina had to say, but from an Elite who had taken out a whole UNSC ship? Not surprising she preferred light armour.

In turn Taro couldn't help but think about the small, fragile creature beside her. \_Why do I have these feelings so? They are heresy alone! Aliâ€|No, Alaina should be sentenced to immediate death for killing all my fellow comrades\_ and that is where they were heading. The torture and execution Pire where the Arbiter only days ago had been brandished. The creature behind her didn't know what was in store for her. She knew thisâ€|SPARTAN as they were called, be able to withstand enough, but everyone cracks, everyone has a sensitive spot. Even an augmented superhuman couldn't hold forever. That was when the Sangheillian was struck with an idea. But it would be risky. Honour? Tarnished, Pride? Destroyed, Death? Most likely, Heresy? FUCK YEAH!

At that moment Alaina thought she saw a twitch of fear, sorrow, and anger then, most prominent was the look of a person who would go down fighting. Alaina just then felt like she was unlucky. The way this Sangheillian had rescued her, been her 'partial' friend in a way through the twenty-four hours she had been here. Alaina waited as soon as Tara, yes Tara, stopped in front of a massive door. She braced herself for what she would see.

Taro felt pity for the creature. Her plan in motion. Felt drawn to this infernal being. She looked down at her waist and saw a plasma rifle and a carbine butt dangling behind her. These weapons would suffice. She hit the activation switch and the door opened to a massive stadium with a pedestal in the centre. Unggoy, Firaljhanae (definitely miss spelt. just brutes) Sangheilli and the two prophets one, Regret and the other, Truth. The creatures all sat or stood roaring at the passing demon. Roaring in their language choice words that Alaina didn't understand but made Tara blush.

Alaina then immediately knew this was her death. She didn't want to die, but she let the brute take her by the arm and the energy beam

dissipated from around Tara's wrist. The beam split and moved to her ankles and two to her arms pinning her in between the two spikes on either side.

Tara drew her carbine, ready to hit the executioner, making it look like she is aiming at the demon. Alaina was helpless the prophets recited various prophecies and curses to the SPARTAN. All that Alaina replied with was "Fuck you and get this over with will ya?" The prophets just sighed and signalled the executioner forward with an oversized axe. Walking forward, placing it on her neck.

Drawing back, Alaina closed her eyes. And then suddenly SCHAM SCHAM SCHAM! Carbine shots hit the executioner in the head and chest. Instantly killing him. The prophets then floated backwards and their honour guard take their positions around the heretic. Alaina couldn't see who her rescuer was, but knew he was outnumbered, whoever 'he' was.

Taro pulled up her carbine and took her last four shots and sliced the shackles keeping Alaina tied. The SPARTAN dropped to the floor. Hand landing on the executioners axe. It was a bit heavy, but she could hold it. After Taro reloaded the honour guard lunged at her. She leapt up high from them, luckily the shield barrier holding the audience back actually helped her predicament. Taro landed on the sprawled honour guard scum and leapt off, tossing her carbine to Alaina, who actually recovered holding the axe and now the carbine in her hands.

Taro pulled out her plasma rifle and unleashed a couple of rounds at the now recovering Sangheilli. Taro dispatched several, Alaina getting the rest with axe and carbine. With nothing left to fight Taro grabbed Alaina's hand. Forcing her along. "Come on!" Taro shouted at the flailing SPARTAN. They both ran through the doors and, with Taro' Munasomee at the helm, they reached the nearest hangar. Alaina deduced that she was in the Covenant city High Charity otherwise the prophets wouldn't be here. Taro pulled Alaina to a Seraph, Phantom to the humans. Taro throwing the human demâ€| SPARTAN. Into the co-pilot's seat.

Qualified to pilot a seraph (luckily only just received her blessing) Taro activated the thrusters and anti-gravity dispersers, they zoomed out of High Charity and into space. The Seraphs' gunnery doors closing just in time to stop oxygen release. The duo zoomed out into space. Activating the slip space drive, they were able to escape the covenant before they even realised what had happened.

A/N If I had missed anything please tell me, if not, do put a nice review and no flames otherwise I would use them to fuel this awesome machine.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Sangheilli\*\*

\*\*Chapter 3\*\*

\*\*N/A \*\*Hello again my third chapter. If anything is wrong here or I'm going too fast, then just press the little REVIEW button at the bottom of the page. NO FLAMES OR OTHERWISE I WILL USE THEM TO FURTHER

AWESOMISE THIS CHAPTER.

Disclaimer: bungie controls all! Except these two lovebirds and my genius.

Let's go.

Alaina just sat there in the co-pilots seat. No armour, No explanation and most importantly, No reason. As soon as she realised what was happening, she literally jumped out of her seat screaming her head off "Alright, What the fuck just happened!" in the direction of the female Elite. The Tara just didn't take her eyes off of the endless sheet of black paper people called space. If anything moved her head away.

Tara just couldn't bring herself to bare the human next to her an explanation of her actions and motives. What if I just made things worse for her? Why did I even pick this ship? What are we going to do when we find a planet? She has no armâ€œ! wait, wasn't this the same vessel? No it can't be. She pondered all these thoughts as fast as a freight train could go. She just couldn't hold back anymore tears.

Alaina had a fuel of endless rage. One for kidnap, One for rescue and then kidnap again and one for no explanation. She was tempted to slap the Elite around the face for good measure. But couldn't make herself do it. That was when she saw the tears. The perfectly clear substances roll down her cheek and fall harmlessly to the floor.

Alaina just couldn't believe hardened special operations Elite who took on a whole battleship and the entire High Charity defence fleet. And escape unscathed be crying in front of her number one enemy. Even for a SPARTAN it was the weirdest and most awkward situation she had ever been in. She heard Tara stifle a sob. Making an even more awkward sound appear.

"I am sorry," Tara started in between sobs. "I only wanted to help you," Alaina couldn't help but feel sorry for the lone creature in front of her. "I thought that you deserved better than to be stuck alone on your own." Tara just looked further away from Alaina. "Well, I am sorry, I didn't mean toâ€œ! oh God" Alaina just slumped onto the chair covering her face with her hands.

They both sat in silence for a massive part of the journey until Alaina decided to do a bit of running around the ship. On her fourth lap around the small carrier ship, she decided to look elsewhere. What she found really was a stroke of very fine luck. Her dismantled MJOLNIR armour laid out on a bolted table. She let out a little giggle as she strode on up to the oh so familiar second skin.

Meanwhile, Tara was enveloped in emotions and feelings that were dormant for the best part of her life. Why do I feel like this? \_She asked herself. \_What has this beautiful creature who killed my kind without a second glance, affect me so? \_Pondering the thought she only just realised that they were coming up to a planet. Thank God for emergency jumps. With a quick successful geostationary drop into the atmosphere, she landed in a clearing on a forest planet, much like that of the sacred rings.

Tara landed gracefully onto the soft grass below her. Feeling solid earth below her, she almost collapsed. Tara hadn't seen Alaina for the last couple of hours of the trip. She decided to savour the moment and head back in to find her. Only to find a familiar clad demon standing right in front of her. Tara leapt back going into combat mode, waiting for the demon to strike first. "Whoa, sorry to scar you, I didn't mean to. Old habits die hard. And anyway, how did you know this was the carrier which held my armour?" Her presumptions were correct, this WAS the ship that brought to unconscious Alaina back to High Charity. Odd coincidence don't you think?

Tara just stood up straight and walked off. "Hey! Where are you going?" Came the familiar, commanding yet smooth breezy voice of Alaina. Tara just sighed and spoke "looking for shelter," She didn't need to say anything less, nor anything more. All was said and done. Alaina had to stay there, out of place in that blue with red striped armour with an even more out of place spacecraft behind her.

Alaina imagined Tara there, In a pool. Her armour strewn off on some rocks near a waterfall. The water fell in rivers down the contours of her body. Down her small breasts and down her legs. She basked there, Not knowing that someone was watching her. Her head fell back and a moan escapes her mouth. That was when Alaina saw that one of Tara's hands were hidden below the waterline not leaving imagination to tell what she was doing. More moans escaped the Sangheillis' mandibles. Incoherent words being muttered at the same time. Only one was audible as she screamed it out to the stars.

"ALAINA!" Alaina woke with a start. Seeing the familiar Elite shaking her awake. What the hell was that? Alaina asked herself. "Thank the Prophets, I thought you were having a nightmare" That was when Alaina noticed she was in a dark cave, She didn't know how she got here and how she actually had an outrageous, yetâ€| pleasing dream. She had a hint of arousal. Luckily the Sangheillian had the decency to leave her armour on.

"Taraâ€| Whereâ€| Where am I?" she asked, only realising the obvious. "We are in a cave with a good view of the forest below, a lake with a waterfall and luckily, a massive vantage point to anyone who wants to sneak up onâ€| us," Alaina didn't hear Tara stutter. As Tara had a massive wave of very pleasant thoughts. Neither knowing the other of the thoughts they only just now experienced.

Alaina pushed herself up to get a good look around. Tara was right it was really beautiful. There were gems dotting the ceiling and giving enough light to see the whole room around them. Alaina only then realised her first mistake as soon as Tara spoke it "Tara? Who's Tara?" Alaina was glad she had her helmet on otherwise it would have escalated very fast. "urmâ€|" Alaina started "It's, errâ€| hmmmmâ€| How can I say this without sounding clichÃ©â€| It's ermmâ€| You Taro" the nickname for the Beautiful Elite before her seemed to be shocked then overwhelmed then what looked like a blush said "I like that," Her mandibles seem to move into a sort of smile.

Taraâ€| I like that, Tara. She is so beautiful even when her armour hides her true angelic form.\_ Waves and waves of emotions struck her with every time she said the word. "Thank you, Alaina," She said again after placing their foreheads together. At that point Tara didn't know what came over her, only that it felt right, Good even.

She could feel behind that armour the little girl blush. She knew she should leave her to recuperate. But she couldn't take her eyes and mind off of her. Until Tara came to a compromise. Tara sat down next to the small creature she has come to love. Wait, WHAT DID I JUST SAY? She screamed at herself.

Alaina had only been in the beautiful embrace for only a couple of second until she felt the body next to her tense. Alaina could only sooth her by moving into her embrace even more. Not caring what either races teachings think. They just hoped to god it could last.

And It Did.

Tara walked through the forest. As she usually did. She heard a rustle up ahead that could be and animal they could have for dinner. She went into her signature stalker stance. She approached the last area that rustled. Only to hear a moan and a name being muttered even she couldn't understand. It was only when she got close enough that she heard the words. As clear as day, yet as colourful as the rainbow. And that word was "Tara. Oh, Tara" The woman in question stalked so closer that she could hear the familiar voice of Alaina. She kept as quiet as she could, hoping that she couldn't hear her. What she saw, was something that warmed her heart to the core and made her whole body flush. It was Alaina, pleasuring herself. Tara just knew that Alaina was a Goddess, but this made her the ultimate woman to see. As soon as the Elite stepped forward. She heard Alaina give out one last loud scream. That word was. "Tara," \_

She woke up with a startling word It was obvious this word was the one creature that was curled up next to her, her helmet had been taken off earlier for comfort. She had one arm wrapped around the waist of Tara whilst the other was by her side. Tara didn't want to move unless run the risk of waking the beautiful angel that curled up to her so lovingly. Alaina was the best thing to ever happen to Tara, it was worth it to see her honour and reputation be torn apart just to have the SPARTAN alive and in her arms.

Tara knew now that she loved her. Not in any love that happens between normal people. This was a love that could transcend the stars and heal the difference between the two factions. Tara only needed to see Alaina once to find that she couldn't live without her. Tara just sat there, taking in her beautiful form. It was the most perfect scene Tara could have hoped for, if only she knew of the dream Alaina was having and if she just looked over slightly to her hips, she could have saw her hips moving slightly forwards and backwards. If only. If only.

N/A This is the best CHAPTER EVA! Next chapter there will be homosexual sex. If you don't like it then just leave now.

Have a nice day

Remember to REVIEW!

End  
file.